

The Tragedie

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon.
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

of Richard

Tir. Proue me my gracious

King. Darst thou resolue to ki

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rath

King. Why there thou hast it,
Foesto my rest, and my sweete s

Are they that I would haue thee
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in

Tir. Let me haue open mean
And soone I le rid you from the

King. Thou singst sweete mu
Go by that token, rise and lend t

Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere

Tir. Tis done my gracious L

King. Shall we heare from the

Enter Bu

Tir. Ye shall my Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue confid
The late demaund that you did f

King. Well, let that Passe, Do

Buc. I heare that newes my Lo

King. Stanly, he is your wiues

Buc. My Lord, I claime your
For which your honor and your

The Earledome of Herford and
The which you promised I shou

King. Stanly looke to your wi
Letters to Richmond you shall a

Buc. What sayes your highne

King. As I remember, *Henry*
Did prophesie that Richmond sh

When Richmond was a little pee
A king perhaps, perhaps.

King. How chance the Prop
Haue told me, I being by, that

Buck. My Lord, your promise

King. Richmond, when last I
The Maior in curtesie shewed m

Tir